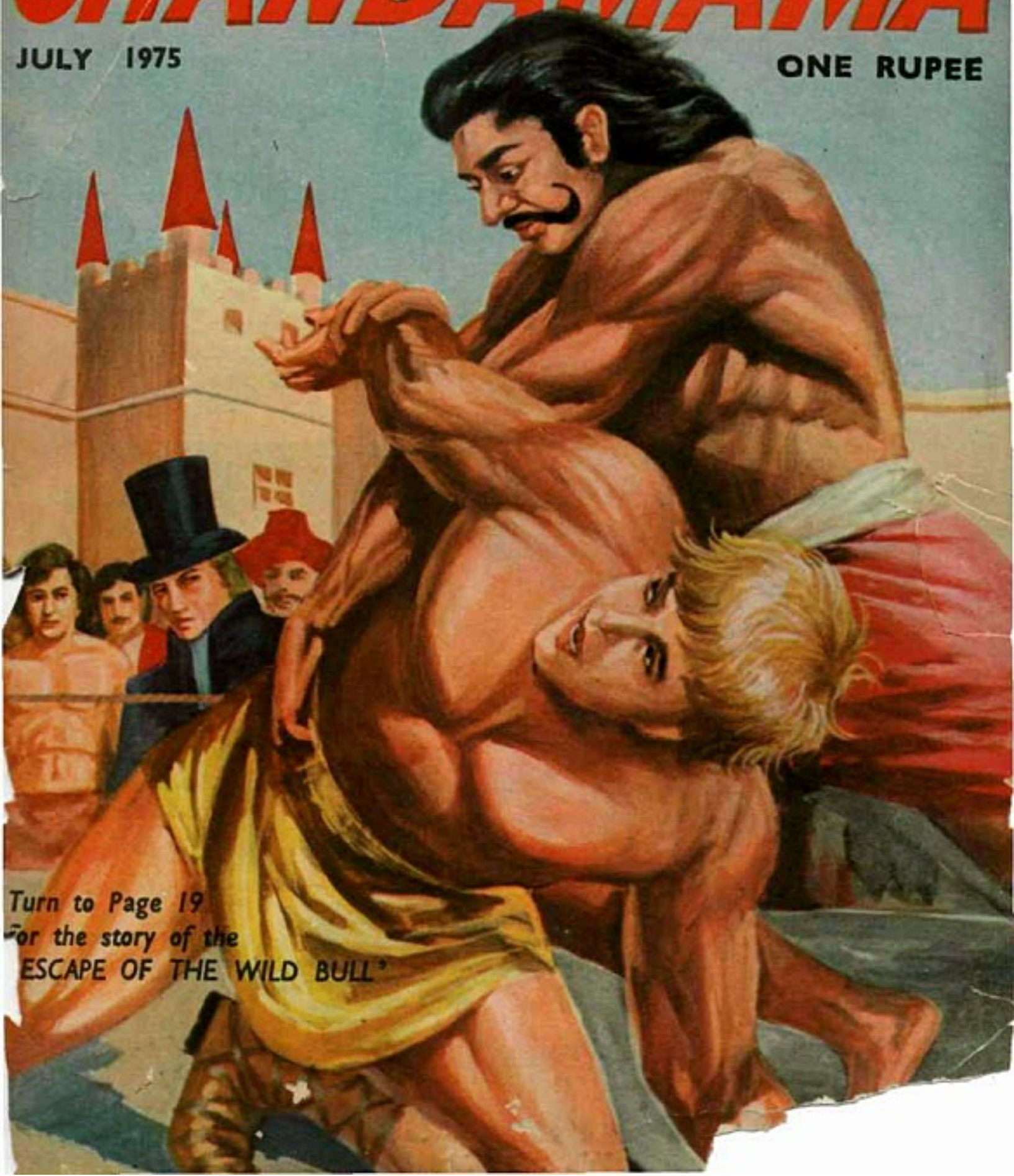


CHANDAMAMA

JULY 1975

ONE RUPEE



Turn to Page 19
For the story of the
ESCAPE OF THE WILD BULL

Demon Acid Killer COOH's* Peace Offering

In Mouthsia Country, the army is constantly on the alert—to prevent Demon Acid, Killer COOH from invading their territory.



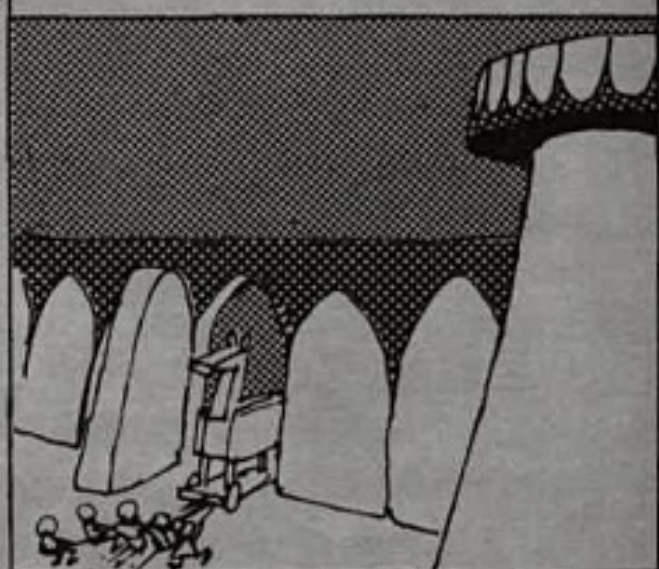
One day, to their surprise, Killer COOH arrives waving a white flag.



*We've come
to make peace.
Accept this Sweet Horse
as a symbol
of our friendship.*



The Sweet Horse is carried into Mouthsia...



...and that night there is great rejoicing and merry-making.



But the enjoyment is short-lived. Soon after the citizens of Mouthsia retire for the night, a strange thing happens.



Hey, those look like
Killer COOH's soldiers.
We've been tricked again! Must run to
the Defence Minister.

At the
watch-tower,
all the guards
have dozed off
after the night's
celebration. All
except Alerto.

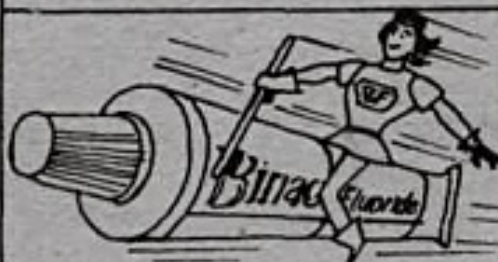


Run, Alerto.
Fetch Ace Fighter
Binaca-F. Only he can
help us now.



At the Defence Ministry

Binaca-F arrives with his
super-weapon Binaca Fluoride.
Thus armed, the Mouthsia
army rushes into the fray.



Mow them down,
boys! Brush them
away!

After a long, tough battle,
Killer COOH's army
retreats and peace
returns to Mouthsia.



That was close!
Thank you Binaca-F.
You've been
a great help!



Here, brush Tooth Tower
with Binaca Fluoride—
regularly, morning and night.
It will keep the fort
clean and strong—
and free from attack
by Killer COOH.

Brush in extra toughness.
Arrest tooth decay with Binaca Fluoride.



If you are a **Subscriber . . .**

We have many thousands of subscribers to CHANDAMAMA magazines, so all the envelopes have to be addressed by the 5th of the preceding month. So, you can see, it is very important that we are informed promptly of any change of address to ensure you receive your copy of the magazine without any delay.

DOLTON AGENCIES

'Chandamama Buildings'

MADRAS - 600 026

**here
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the
scholar**



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BLACKBIRD**

**SCHOLAR PEN—
ANOTHER QUALITY PEN
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FAMILY.**

Now Blackbird creates 'Scholar' specially for students. With a light streamlined body for easy grip ...and a fine iridium tipped nib for silken smooth ink flow. See it. Try it. You will agree it's the pen that deserves full marks!

heros' SI-132 C



LOOKING BACK AND AHEAD

With this issue the Chandamama enters the sixth year of publication. In Coleridge's famous poem, Kubla Khan, there is the description of a mysterious river meandering for five miles with a mazy motion through wood and dale and then entering even more mysterious caverns measureless to man! Our five years' journey, indeed, can be compared to such a river's course. Haven't we travelled through many a wonderland of fancy, facts and fiction?

People say that science, through the modern means of communications, has made the world a smaller place. But long is the history of humanity; exciting is the story of the growth of civilisation. Nothing can make them smaller. Thus, through centuries of his march from remote yesterdays to today, man has experienced much and dreamt much. He has set forth these experiences and dreams in literature, glimpses of which the Chandamama has endeavoured to present.

Five years, of course, do not make a long span of time. Yet, looking back into those few thousand pages of tales and legends and epics and episodes and colours and cartoons, how can the Chandamama quite suppress a joyful tick-tock of its heart, since it has brought spoonfuls of joy to you month after month after month and looks forward to do the same month after month after month ... ?

NEWS FOR YOU...

The Talking Computer is Coming !

Computers were already doing a lot of things. But now the famous MIT of America has a computer which is being 'taught' to utter a few words. Mind you, it is not going to play a tape! Its electronic brain will 'learn' the words and utter them with its own endeavour.

Wisdom Makes the Infant Gloomy

Any mother will be thrilled to see her new-born infant smile. But why don't most of the infants smile until they are several weeks old? According to the Oxford Psychologist Aidan Macfarlane, the infant intuitively knows that during the first few weeks after its birth either the mother or itself might die, as high mortality rate prevailed for both mother and child during that period since time immemorial. So, the infant does not want to get "emotionally involved" with anybody during that doubtful time.

The Faithful Pigeon

Pigeons have been used to carry message through the ages. Even in our sophisticated age, they have not lost their value. A pigeon released at Simferpol, Crimea (U. S. S. R.), faithfully returned to its home at Stry in Ukraine covering 620 miles including 180 miles over the Black Sea. This is the record home-coming flight by a pigeon.

....AND SOME VIEWS TOO

A Guide to 20th Century Thoughts On Freedom

Where the mind is without
fear and the head is held
high;

Where knowledge is free ;...

Where the clear stream of
reason has not lost its way
into the dreary desert
sand of dead habit ; ..

Into that heaven of freedom,
my Father, let my country
awake.

—Rabindranath Tagore

It is by the goodness of God
that we have in our country
three unspeakably precious
things: freedom of speech,
freedom of conscience, and the
prudence never to practise
either.

—Mark Twain

O Freedom, what liberties are
taken in thy name!

—Daniel George

We need free bodies and free
minds—free labour and free thought,
chainless hands and fetterless
brains. Free labour will give
us wealth. Free thought will
give us truth.

—Robert G. Ingersoll



THE KING MEETS HIS KING!

Tales from Panchatantra

In a certain forest along a river-bank lived several kinds of animals and birds and, more or less, they lived peacefully. Not that a jackal did not pounce upon a wild fowl or a raven did not nab a wren, but that was a part of the jungle way of life.

Everything, however, changed with the arrival of a lion from the bigger forest on the other side of the mountain. First he convened a conference of all the creatures of the forest and in many words told them that they were required to look upon him as their king. To this, the creatures had no objection. But it was such a vain lion that in order to impress the creatures about his superior strength he picked up a couple of delegates

to the conference, who had stepped forward to speak congratulating him on his assuming the office of the king, and devoured them on the spot. Poor speakers!

And the lion, who styled himself as King Bhasuraka, roved and romped about in the forest killing animals at random. Not that he ate all of them, but it was sport for him.

One day all the creatures of the forest made brave to appear before him and said, "Your Highness! You are taking much pains to lighten the burden of your administration by killing animals at random. We praise your noble efforts. But our only concern is, at this rate the forest will be without an animal



in a few years. We weep at the thought that our king has then to starve!"

"I see! I am not good at statistics. Are you sure at this rate the animal population will dwindle in a few years? Well, what then do you ask me to do?" asked the lion.

"Far from asking you to do anything, O King, we would request you to refrain from doing anything at all! In other words, you devote your time to enjoying nature, rearing out songs, etc. One of us, the animals, would faithfully present himself before you everyday and you should be pleased to accept

him as your food for the day, leaving the rest of us to roam about fearlessly."

"I don't mind giving a trial to your proposal. But if it does not work out to my satisfaction, I will resume my practice with a vengeance!" roared the lion.

The animals decided by lot every day whose turn it should be to go to serve as the lion's food. First day it fell to the lot of a buffalo. The stout creature did not murmur at all. He quietly went to the lion and allowed the lion to kill him. The lion was delighted, for, it would have meant a good deal of trouble for him to kill a buffalo in the normal course.

Next day, it was a deer's turn. He too went to submit himself to the lion, sadly though, but without any protest.

On the third day came a rabbit's turn. He was young and ambitious. Not only that, he was to be married the next week and had been promised a complete cabbage as dowry. He was, naturally, far from willing to walk into the lion's mouth instead of into the new home he had dug to accommodate his bride.

But there was no escape.

The rabbit's already erect ears became even more erect as he brooded deeply over a way out of the predicament while proceeding to meet the lion.

He walked lazily. But as soon as he was within the lion's sight, he trebled his pace. Even then he had been already quite late.

"So late and only a rabbit, eh?" the lion groaned in anger.

"Your Highness, you are absolutely right that I am only a rabbit. But believe me, being conscious of my smallness, I had persuaded three of my brothers and brothers-in-law to accompany me," said the rabbit.

"Where are they?" demanded the lion, lolling his tongue.

"Unfortunately they were swallowed up by your king who said that you deserve only one-fourth of what is due to him!" replied the rabbit.

"What nonsense do you speak! Who is my king?" asked the furious lion.

"You should know better. But I met him—a huge lion—under the big banian tree only a furlong from here," replied the rabbit.

"Lead me there, immediately!" roared the lion as he jumped down from the slab of



stone which he used as his throne.

The rabbit was too happy to lead the lion the way to an old well. Near there, he said, "Your Highness! Your king is inside his fort. Go and greet him!"

"Greet him? I will twist the imposter's neck like a chicken whoever he might be," said the lion and looked into the well.

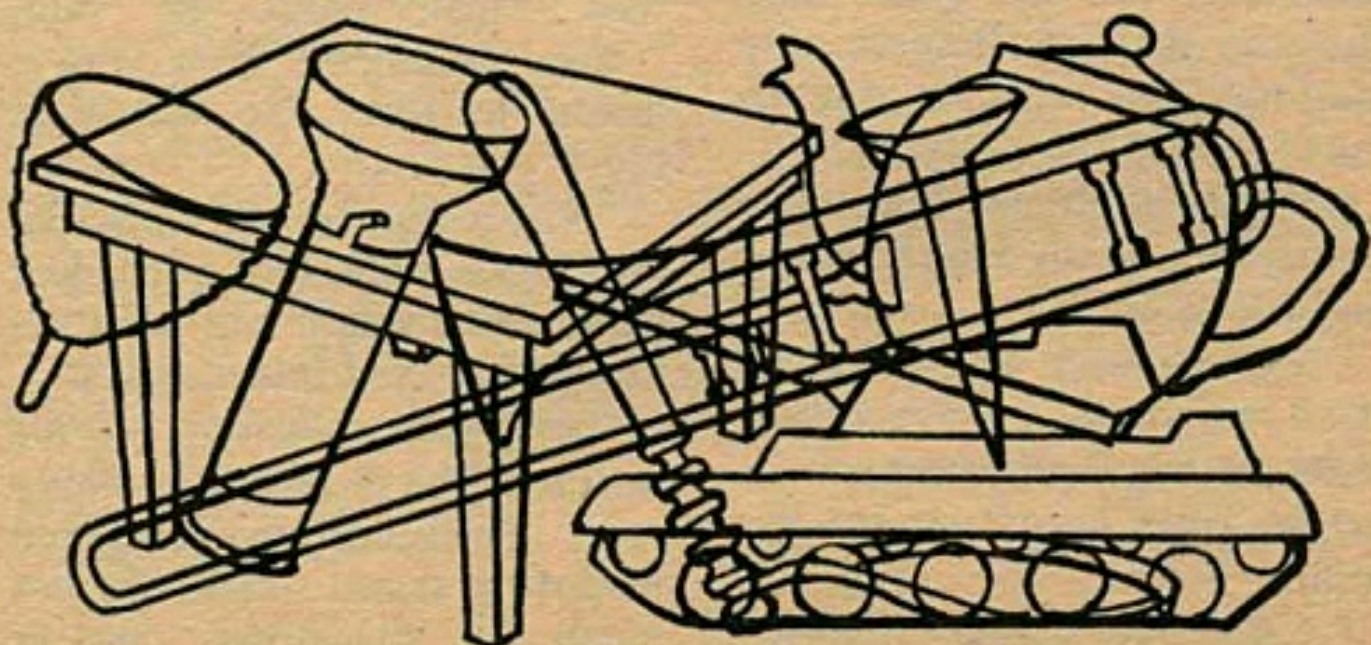
Seeing the reflection of his own face, he gave out an angry roar. The reflection too seemed to do the same. That was too much for Bhasuraka. He at once jumped into the well and was heard no more—never.



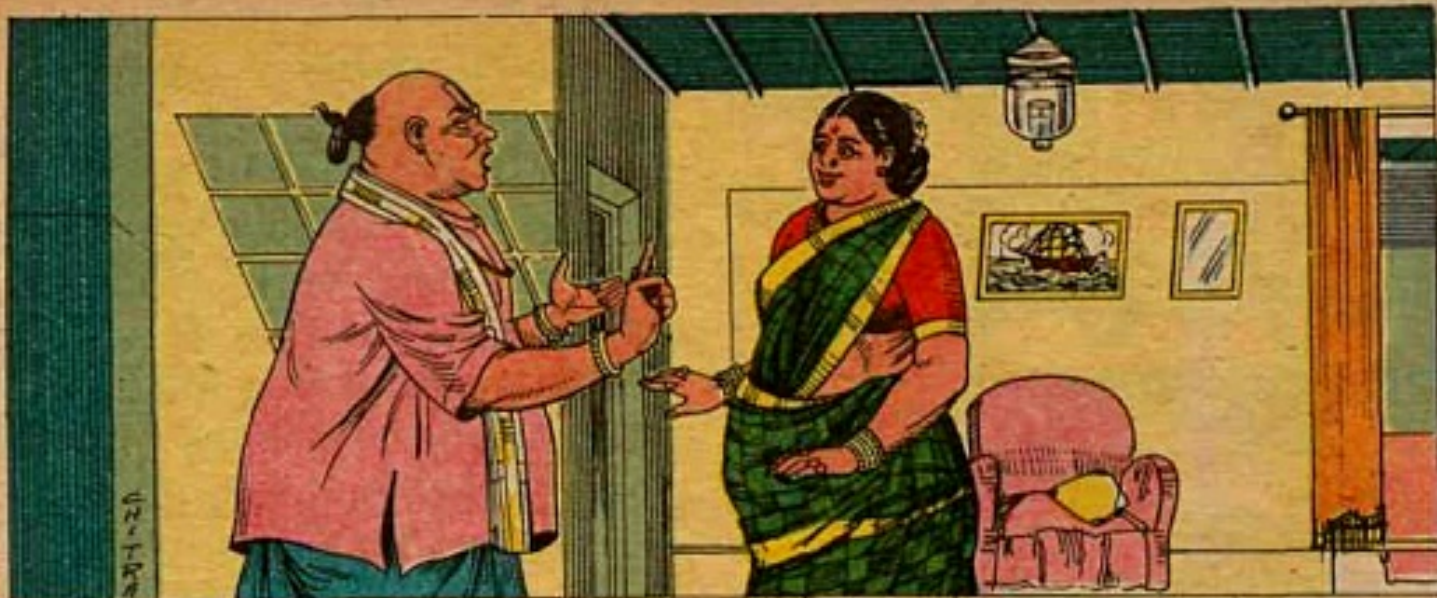
The rabbit ran and ran and never stopped until he had informed all the creatures of the forest about the end of the lion. In a conference of all the crea-

tures he was given the title, 'Prince'. His bride was called the 'Princess'. His marriage was the greatest festival the forest had ever known.

Here are eight jumbled up things which all have names beginning with the letter "T". Can you name all of them?



Answers: Table, Truncheon, Torch, Top, Tack, Tank, Trombone, Teapot.



THE FOLLY OF SUSPICION

In a certain town lived Seth Somagupta, a wealthy businessman. He not only traded in a variety of goods, but also gave loans to people against interest.

He had two clerks, Kallu and Mallu. Kallu was the senior of the two. Besides, he had a servant. All the three employees were faithful to him. But the Seth never believed them. He was suspicious by nature although he never showed it.

Once the Seth was required to pay a visit to a distant town on business. Before starting he whispered to his wife, "Have an alert eye on all the three employees. Nobody is to be trusted in this world."

"I will remain alert," answered the wife.

Thereafter the Seth called his servant privately and told him, "Look here, I don't believe anyone excepting you. You have to do a certain thing during my absence."

"What is the work, my master? Tell me and know that it is done," said the flattered servant.

"It is about my junior clerk, Mallu. I am not sure of his trustworthiness. Keep an eye on him till I return. But let him not know of your vigilance," advised the Seth.

"Do not worry, master, I will do as you say," replied the servant.



The Seth then called Mallu and confided to him, "Mallu, it is depending entirely on you that I am going far. To be frank, I have some misgivings about the senior clerk, Kallu. Just keep an eye on him."

Mallu was pleased to get the impression that his master trusted him more than Kallu. He said, "Be sure, my master, that he will be able to do no mischief. I will remain wide awake to all his activities."

The Seth then went to Kallu and informed him of his proposed trip and said, "I need hardly tell you that during my absence you must observe our

employees closely, for I believe only you."

The Seth then left for his destination. His employees carried on their works with due care. But within a few days Kallu suspected that Mallu was dogging him constantly. Mallu too got the impression that the servant was keeping a watch on him. And soon the servant had no doubt that the Seth's wife was looking at him always with suspicion in her eyes.

But none of them could imagine that the Seth could be behind all this. Each of them was eager to wreck his vengeance on the one who suspected him when the master returned and planned accordingly.

One day, Kallu, the senior clerk, carried two platefuls of rice and a jugful of *ghee* in such a way as if he was trying to hide them from Mallu. But in fact he wanted Mallu to know what he was doing.

When Mallu saw it, he felt excited. He knew that at last he had a point to report against Kallu to the master.

Next day the servant observed that Mallu, the junior clerk, was putting some coins into his purse. He was sure that Mallu

was stealing. He kept a note of the date and the time.

On the following day a woman came to sell vegetables to the Seth's house. The servant, in full sight of the Seth's wife, cut jokes with her and showed great tenderness towards her.

"What are you doing, you wicked fellow? Are you not ashamed of your conduct? Let the Seth return. I will then see that you are severely punished," the Seth's wife shouted.

"I don't care two hoots," retorted the servant.

As soon as the Seth returned from the town, his wife complained to him about the servant, the junior clerk complained to him about the conduct of the senior clerk and the servant about the junior clerk. Of course, each one gave his report privately.

The Seth called all of them together and roared, "I never knew that you fellows were capable of doing so much mischief if I were out of sight. It was foolish of me to keep people like you in my employment!"

Kallu was the first to answer, "Sir! Why don't you speak out frankly if any instance of our dishonesty has come to your



notice?"

"Why? Don't you know your own doings? I can of course cite concrete instances of the mischiefs you all three have done. But will you confess to them?" demanded the Seth.

"We will," answered the three.

The Seth looked at his senior clerk and asked, "Did you not take away rice and *ghee* from my house?"

"I did!" said Kallu and explained, "That was the day for the worship of goddess Lakshmi. Since every year you carried offerings to the temple on that day, I thought it proper to

carry the offerings on your behalf during your absence. Was it wrong on my part to do so?"

"My God! I had forgotten all about it. It was very wise of you to remember the day and to do what I would have done. After all, if I have prospered a bit, it is due to goddess Lakshmi's grace!" said the Seth.

Then looking at Mallu, he charged, "But did you not steal money from my cash-box?"

"Never!" said Mallu, "I just took my salary, for that was the day for it. I have recorded it in the account book."

"Oh yes. I had forgotten all about that too. Please don't mind. But this fellow had the audacity to cut jokes with a woman vegetable-seller in broad

day light!" said the Seth pointing his finger at his servant.

"Sir, it should suffice to say that the woman was none other than my wife. Your wife had no patience to ascertain the facts, but she lost no time in reporting about my pranks to you!" said the servant.

The Seth kept quiet. But his three employees had no difficulty in guessing that it was he who had sown the seeds of suspicion in each for the others. They felt angry and said together, "It will not be wise on our part to work under a suspicious man like you. We better leave you instantly!"

The Seth tried to stop them, but in vain. He realised his own folly although it had been too late.



WHO STARTED THE CIRCUS?

The word circus (meaning ring or circle) has come from the Latin; and that gives us the clue to the origin of the shows we can see today. A circus was the name for a place in which chariot and other races, games and athletics contests would be held in the days of Ancient Rome. Over the years the range of entertainment grew, although it was not until the 18th century that the circus became a show in which a great variety of performers and animals would have a place.



WONDER WITH COLOURS





GOD'S LONG LABOUR

There might be five hundred million Buddhists living today spread all over the world, but the situation was so different when Buddha himself was preaching!

Buddha was born a prince, but disgusted with the ignorant conditions to which man had reconciled himself—the conditions of sorrow and suffering, he had left his palace in search of light.

After long, strenuous penance he found out that it was desire which was at the root of all human misery and that if man could be completely free from desires, he should achieve peace and bliss.

But he knew that it was just not possible for everyone to be

free from desires altogether. Yet he persisted in telling the truth to the people, for, he thought that it would be some gain if people learnt something. Man could be happier to the degree he had gained control over his greed and other passions.

So, Buddha, with a handful of devoted disciples, roamed about in the country, spreading his message among the people.

In the beginning of his mission very few people listened to him. Not only that, there were occasions when he was turned out of door, people refusing to give him even a little shelter for a while.

Once on a summer day, when

a fierce sun burned overhead, Buddha sat reclining under a roadside tree. He sweated profusely and looked tired.

One of his young companions, who knew how luxuriously Buddha had spent his childhood, thought to himself, "At this hour he should be comfortably relaxing on an ivory cot in his palace, charming damsels fanning him or sprinkling cool, scented water on him and musicians playing sweet lullaby outside his bed-chamber. But pity! What a hard life he chose!"

As the young man thought about it more and more, tears rolled down his cheeks.

It did not escape Buddha's notice. He asked him, "What makes you so sad?"

Replied the young man, "My Lord! Let others not know it, but I know that you are the Divine. If you wish, you can give enlightenment and bliss to all the people instantly. Instead of doing that why do you undergo the hardship of travelling and talking to uncharitable people?"

Buddha kept quiet. But he smiled and that was enough to fill the disciple's heart with peace.

Days later, during a similar hot noon when Buddha relaxed under a tree on the outskirts of



a village, he called the same young man to his side and said, "My child, go to the village at hand; meet all the heads of the households and ask them what do they desire most, what would make them happy and satisfied!"

The young man immediately left for the nearby village as instructed, while the Master waited there.

It was already evening when the young man returned.

"How many people did you meet? What did they say to your query?" asked Buddha.

"My Master! I visited hundred houses and met the heads. Fifty of them said that they would be happy and satisfied if they could earn more. Ten said that they would be happy if their children were happily married and settled in life. Ten desired better houses to live in

and another ten said that they would be happy if they were cured of their diseases. Of the rest twenty, half desired to be famous and the other half's fondest wish was to emerge victorious in the litigations in which they were involved," stated the disciple.

"How many people wanted freedom from desires? How many said that they would be happy if they got enlightenment?" asked Buddha.

"My Lord! Not even one!" fumbled the disciple.

Buddha smiled and said, "Look, my child, how can I give anyone anything for which he does not feel any need?"

The disciple was silent. In silence he understood the meaning of God's long labour among men, through the ages.

Retold by Prof. Manoj Das.





Kujang was a small State in the eastern coast, with Pradip as its capital. The kings of Kujang, for their daring, were known as the Bull Kings. The people felt at home in the sea and in the river Mahanadi. Raja Chandradhwaja, known as the Wild Bull, proved an excellent leader for them.

When the British gradually occupied India, they encountered great difficulty in subduing this small state. Under the direction of the young Chandradhwaja, the boatmen of Kujang often harassed the British ships resting off the shore of Kujang.



The British army invaded Kujang. Although Chandradhwaja's soldiers had no superior weapons, they fought valiantly. But the fort fell to the British.



But Chandradhwaja could not be captured. With a few bodyguards, he escaped into the dense forest that spread along the sea-coast, at the estuary of the Mahanadi.

Although the British conquered Kujang, it was hard for them to stay in that region. Chandradhwaja's men put fire to their camps and attacked them whenever there was an opportunity.



The British realised that there was no peace for them unless Chandradhwaja was captured. One day while Chandradhwaja sat in meditation, alone, inside the forest, the British captured him by the help of some spies.

The young prisoner was brought to Cuttack and interned in Fort Barabati on the Mahanadi. But by his sweet conduct he soon endeared himself to his captors who often sat around him, listening to stories.



Not only that, he taught the Sahibs so many Indian games and Indian gymnastics in which he was a master. Several months passed in this way.

One evening a beautiful boat, with 36 boatmen, was seen on the river. The Sahibs and their wives and children were fascinated by the boat the like of which they had never seen.





Being asked, the chief boatman said that the boat belonged to a certain Raja who was no more and that it was for sale. "What is the price?" the Sahibs asked, "Only a Raja can say, for they alone build such luxury boats," was the answer.

Out of curiosity, the Sahibs brought Chandradhwaja out of the fort and asked him to examine the boat. Chandradhwaja stepped into the boat.



At once 36 oars flapped and in the twinkling of an eye the boat disappeared at the turn of the river, before the Sahibs could understand what was happening. Thus Chandradhwaja was rescued by his brave people, led by his minister, Pattajoshi.



Rabbit turns into wind!

In a certain country lived an old couple. One day the old man called his wife and said, "I need some money badly. Take one of our cows to the market and sell it."

The old woman proceeded to the market dragging a cow with her

In the neighbouring village lived three young men who were notorious for their wickedness. They conspired among themselves and decided to oblige the old woman to sell the cow to them at a very low price. Accordingly, one of them appeared before her and said, "Granny! Are you going to sell this goat? What is the price you have fixed for it?"

"Are you blind? Don't you see that it is a cow?" said the old woman with a scowl.

The young man laughed and said, "Granny, you are mistaken. This is a goat. If you intend to sell it, you need not take the trouble of going up to the market. I am ready to buy it for thirty rupees."

The angry old woman raised her stick and the young man fled.

But she had hardly gone a furlong when the second young man showed himself and asked her, "Where are you going, granny?"

"To the market, sonny! My husband asked me to sell one of our cows," said the woman.



"And by mistake you carried a goat instead of a cow, is it?" observed the young man.

"How do you say so? What I am taking is nothing but a cow!" protested the woman.

"It is not, granny! I am afraid, you can't see properly. However, I can buy it for twenty five rupees," chuckled the young man.

"Cow or goat, I will not sell it for that price," said the woman and began to walk faster.

But she felt much perturbed. How did people see her cow as a goat? What was the mystery?

Suddenly the third young man

approached her and said, "Granny! If you mean to sell this goat, I will buy it for twenty rupees."

"Do you think it is a goat? But I was sure it was a cow!" mumbled the woman.

"Ha ha!" the young man laughed and said, "Such mistakes are not uncommon with people of your age, granny!"

"But one customer had offered thirty rupees for it. Why should I give it to you for twenty?" said the woman.

"Well, I can certainly buy such a goat for twenty rupees at the market. But I will give you thirty rupees because I have no time to go there."

The woman handed over the cow for thirty rupees and returned home and narrated to her husband all that had happened. From the description his wife gave of the three young men, the old man had no difficulty in knowing who they were. He said, "Do not bother. I will see what can be done."

The old man went into the forest and caught two rabbits. He kept one of them in a sack at home and went out carrying the other one. While going out he instructed his wife to prepare bread, hot milk and chi-

cken curry for themselves as well as for three guests. "When I ask you what you have cooked, you should say that you have prepared whatever the rabbit asked you to prepare!"

When the old man reached the neighbouring village, the three young friends were sipping some drink in a tavern. They giggled at the sight of the old man. One of them said, "Hello, old boy, your wife is a very clever lady, isn't she?"

"No," replied the old man, "She is not clever, for, today some people took away our cow for only thirty chips after convincing her that it was a goat! But she has many virtues. For example, she is an excellent cook."

"That is fine," said the young men and laughed.

"That reminds me," said the old man, "I forgot to give her directions about what she should cook today. But that does not matter. I will send my rabbit with my instruction."

While the young men looked on, the old man lifted up the rabbit and told it, "Run and tell my wife that she should keep ready bread, hot milk and chicken curry, do you understand?" He gave the rabbit a



mild slap and let it go. It shot into the nearby bush instantly.

"Are you mad?" asked one of the young men, "How can a rabbit carry your message?"

"Why not? It is an extraordinary rabbit. If you want to see for yourselves, why not come with me?"

The young men accompanied the old man to his house. The old man asked his wife, "What have you cooked?"

"Well, whatever the rabbit said!" was her reply.

The old man asked her to give food to all of them. While eating the young men whispered among themselves and at the

end they expressed their desire to buy the rabbit.

"Impossible! I will not part with it even for ten thousand rupees," said the old man sternly.

"Why don't you give it away if these nice young men want it? We are old. How long are we going to live? You have to sell it, if not today, tomorrow," said the old man's wife.

After showing some reluctance the old man gave away the rabbit, which he had kept at home, for ten thousand rupees.

The young men were very happy. "Let us send the rabbit to our homes with instructions," they said and after telling it the addresses of their homes and the message it was to convey, they let it go.

The rabbit disappeared.

But the young men soon

found out that it did not reach any of the three addresses. They could not understand what happened to the precious creature.

They hurried back to the old man and reported that the rabbit was missing.

"Had you given it a pat before letting it go?" asked the old man.

"No!" answered the young men.

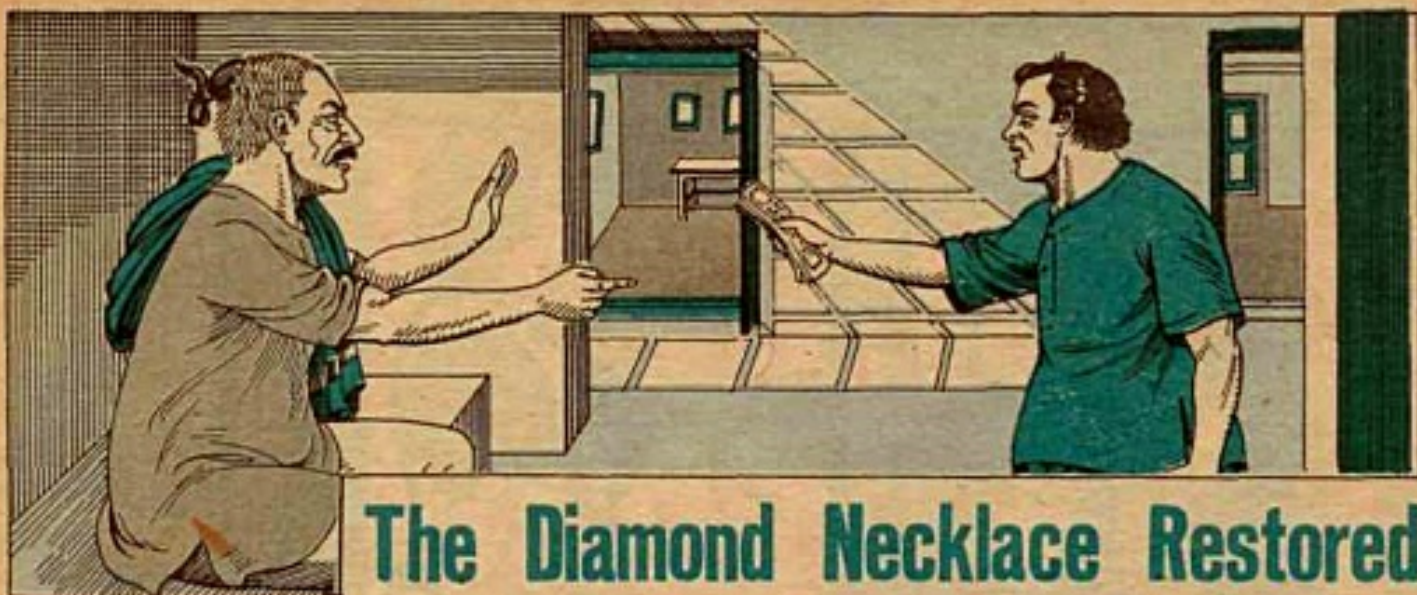
"Then it must have become wind!" said the old man.

"Wind? How can a rabbit become wind?" demanded the three young men.

"Don't shout!" said the old man, "If a cow can turn into a goat, why can't a rabbit turn into wind? Now, get out.. Or I will go to the king and report the whole matter."

The young men went away on the verge of weeping.





The Diamond Necklace Restored

In a certain village lived Ramkripal, a rich man. He was a money-lender by profession. If somebody mortgaged an ornament with him and failed to release it on the appointed day after paying him the full sum borrowed along with the interest, then he forfeited the ornament. The ornament then adorned Ramkripal's wife.

In the same village lived a merchant who fell into bad days and on a certain occasion needed two thousand rupees. He deposited a diamond necklace with Ramkripal and took the amount. But, unfortunately, the merchant died before he could pay back his debt. His son, with sincere efforts, could pay up to sixteen hundred rupees before the appointed day. He, however, had faith in the money-lender's goodness

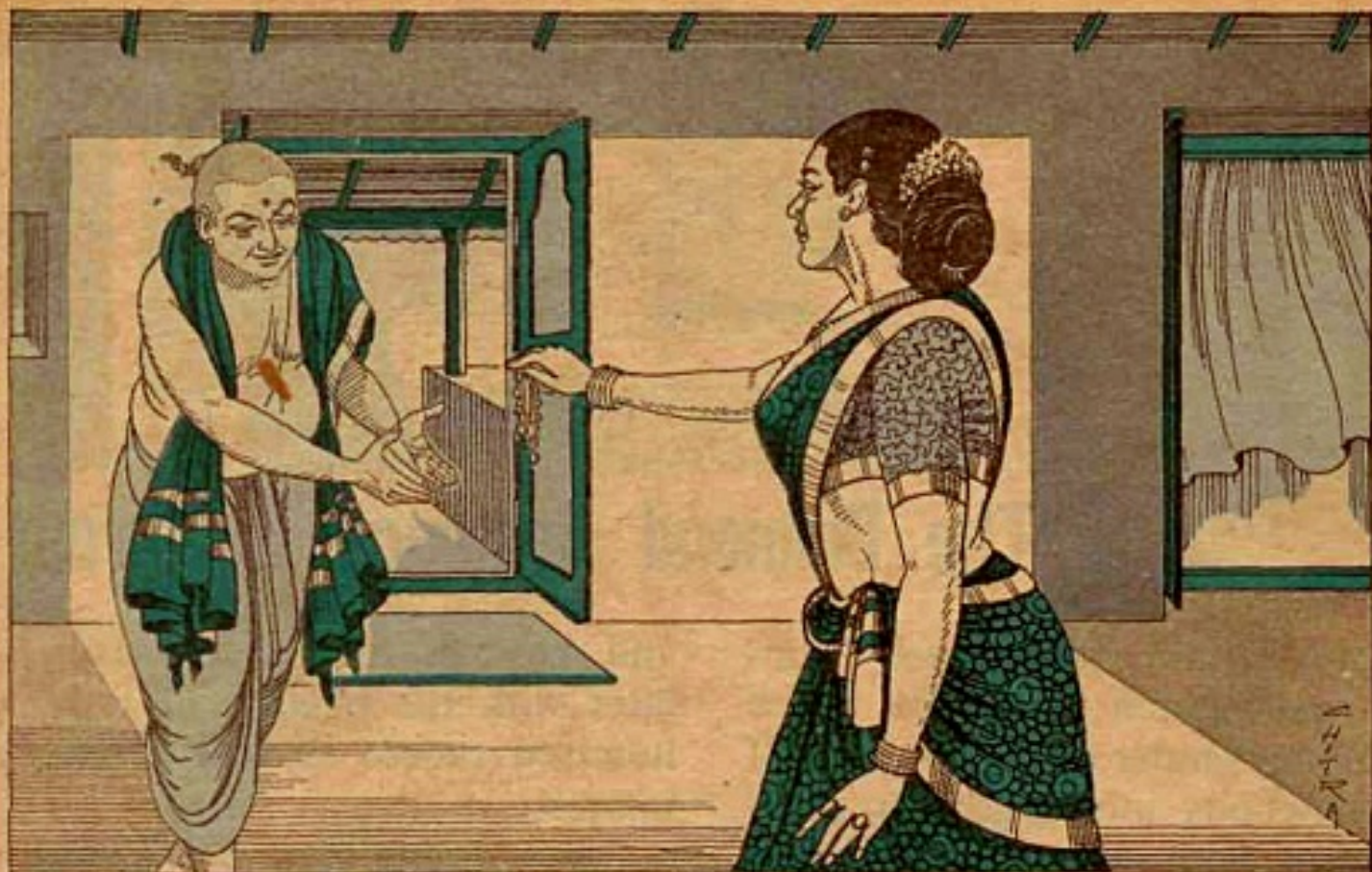
and he met him a few days later with the balance of four hundred rupees as well as the interest.

"But, young man, don't you know that the appointed day is past and you have already forfeited the necklace?" the money-lender said.

"How do you say so? The necklace is worth five thousand rupees. How can you appropriate it, just because I was late by a few days in paying your four hundred rupees?"

"But that is the principle I follow!" was Ramkripal's sole argument.

The young man felt angry and disgusted. He approached the village chief. But the chief expressed his helplessness and jokingly said, "If you want to rescue your property from Ramkripal, well, I don't think you



have any other go than to steal it from his house!"

But this advice given in a lighter vein was taken by the young man seriously. He began loitering around Ramkripal's house in order to find an opportunity to work out his plan.

One day he heard Ramkripal's wife telling Ramkripal, "One of the beads of the diamond necklace has come out loose. How to set it again?"

"I will ask Charan Das, an expert goldsmith who has newly settled down here, to come and see what can be done," said Ramkripal as he went out on business.

The young man could hear this conversation. He instantly ran to a friend in a neighbouring village and explained to him what he was required to do.

The friend quietly stepped into the money-lender's house and told his wife, "I am Charan Das. Your husband sent me to examine a diamond necklace a bead from which has come out loose."

The woman had no reason to disbelieve the stranger. She handed over the necklace to him.

"I will fix the bead and bring it back in an hour," the man said as he went out.

Needless to say, the necklace

duly reached its owner's hand. Ramkripal returned home quite late. His wife told him, "How efficient is your new goldsmith, Charan Das? He promised to bring back the necklace in an hour. But he is not to be seen although four hours have passed!"

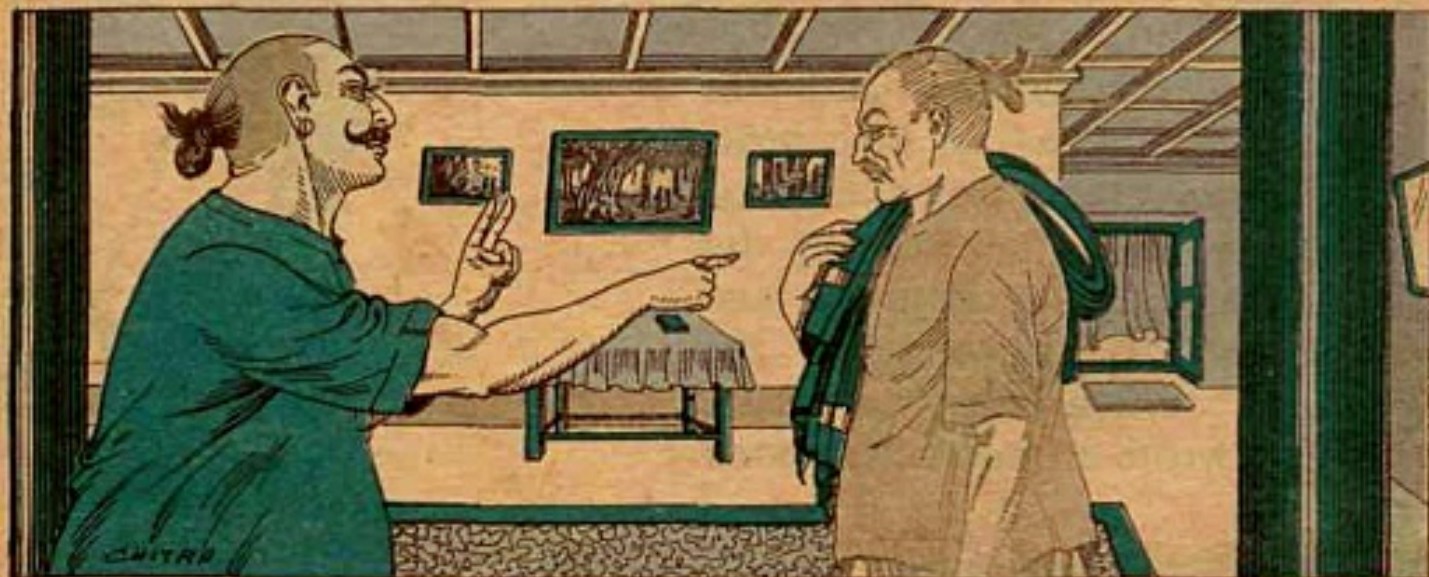
"Charan Das? I had forgotten all about the loose bead and never had the time to meet Charan Das!" said the horrified money-lender. Soon he realised that someone had played a perfect trick on them. Ramkripal rushed to the village chief and said, "Please announce that whoever can find the diamond necklace, would receive a reward of four hundred rupees!"

"People will laugh at such an announcement, Ramkripal! You did not drop the necklace on the road that he who got it

would give it away for four hundred rupees. In this case the man who took it knew its value fully well. How do you expect him to return it to you? The best course for you is to forget about it, just as you have obliged many to forget about their ornaments once they deposited them with you!"

At night, the young man met Ramkripal and quietly placed four hundred rupees as well as the interest before him and smiled.

Ramkripal now understood who was behind the trick, but now that he had lost the necklace, it would have been foolish on his part to refuse the money too. He accepted it and gave a receipt. Still smiling, the young man too gave out a receipt stating that he had got back the necklace.



Gift of th

An old English nursery rhyme sings:

I had a little nut tree, nothing
would it bear
But a silver nutmeg and a
golden pear;
The king of Spain's daughter
came to visit me,
And all for the sake of my
little nut tree.

Pear is indeed an excellent fruit, golden in terms of quality. "Gift of the Gods", was how Homer described the pear. The Greeks were cultivating this fruit more than a thousand years before Christ but the pear they knew was much smaller, harder and less sweet than those we eat today.

Both the Greeks and the Romans had to cook their pears or ferment them to make perry, a drink. But the Romans did a great deal to improve and increase the varieties of the fruit. When the statesman, Cato, wrote an instructive book

on gardening for his wife, in the 3rd century B.C., he mentioned only five kinds of pear. Two hundred years later, Pliny was able to describe fifty-one different types.

Although pears have been known in England since the Roman conquest, the first record of them occurred in 1223 when pears were purchased at Canterbury for the household of King



Gods

LOOKING AT FRUITS

Henry III. They were probably bought from the monks for, during the Middle Ages, most orchards were to be found in monastic gardens. One famous cooking pear of the time, which is still grown today, originated at the Cistercian monastery of Old Warden, in Bedfordshire.

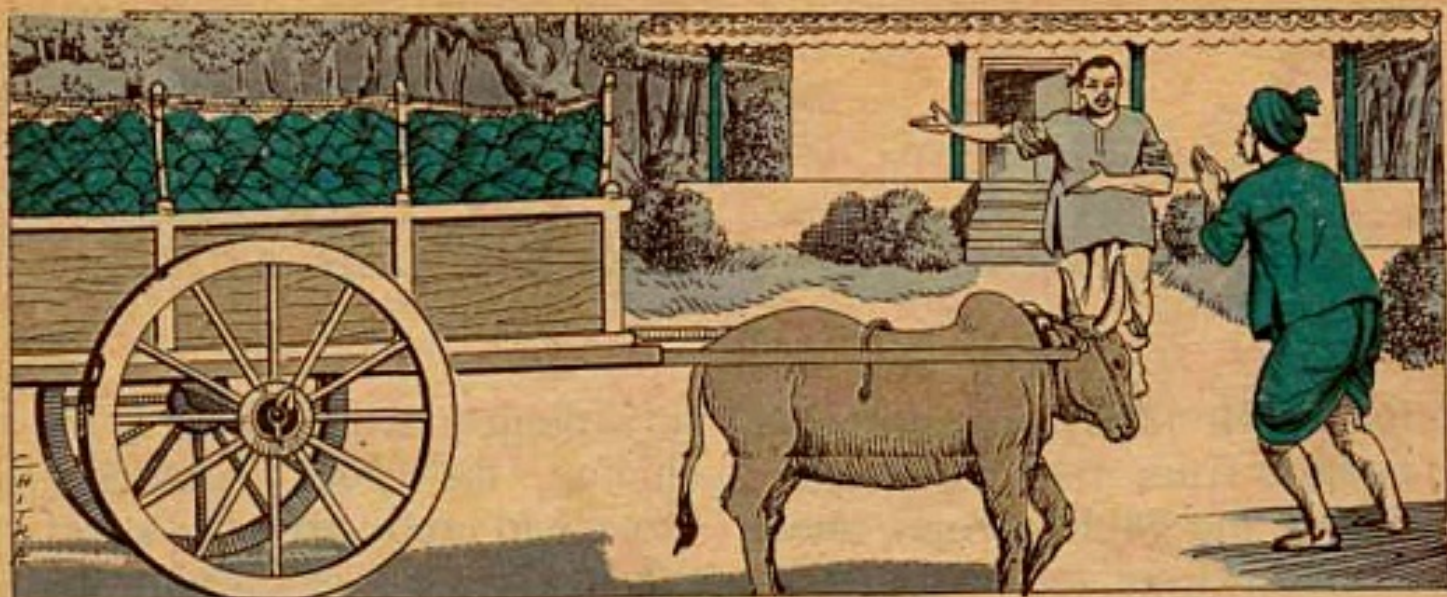
But most of these pears were too hard and sour to eat raw. By the middle of the 18th cen-

tury pioneer fruit growers, including the poet Alexander Pope, had produced a few sweet varieties but it was not until the end of the Napoleonic wars, when new dessert pears were brought from France and Belgium, that large-scale cultivation began.

Oddly enough, it was the great gold rush in North America in 1848 that made pear-growing into an industry. Farmers, whose land had been spoiled by the gold-seekers, began to grow the fruit as a luxury for the newly-rich miners.

Pear is a popular fruit in India too. While it is called *Naspati* with slightly varied accents in Hindi, Urdu, Sindhi, Marathi, Gujarati, Bengali and Oriya, it is known as *Berikay* in Telugu and *Berikkay* in Tamil. It is called *Peruhannu* in Kannada and *Tung* in Kashmiri and *Nachpati* in Assamese.





Taste of Pumpkins

In a certain village lived a farmer who grew pumpkins in his fields and carried them to a distant bazar in his cart where he sold them at a good price.

One day, because of bad weather, he was detained on the road. The bazar was still half-way when the sun set. The farmer decided to halt for the night in the village at hand.

While he was entering the village, a man named Bhadrasen asked him, "Hello, brother, where are you going?" The farmer introduced himself and expressed his desire to spend the night in the village.

"That is perfectly all right! If you have no objection, you are

welcome to spend the night in my house. I am always fond of guests."

The farmer happily accompanied Bhadrasen to his house. Bhadrasen, indeed, seemed to be a very kind host. He fed the farmer's bullocks and entertained the farmer to a good dinner. The pumpkins were deposited in a room.

The farmer slept well. Early in the morning, before resuming his journey, he wished to present his host with a couple of pumpkins and entered the room where the fruits had been kept. But to his great shock he found his fruits reduced to half!

As soon as he asked Bhadra-

sen about the fate of the half of his fruits, Bhadrasen became furious. "Are you mad?" shouted Bhadrasen, "I gave you shelter; and now you accuse me of having stolen your pumpkins! I had never seen an ungrateful creature like you in all my life!"

"Please, brother, do not rebuke me any more. If you have still some goodness left in you, restore my fruits to me. Otherwise I will do whatever I can," said the farmer.

"Get out! If you threaten me like that I will break your spine!" screamed Bhadrasen.

The farmer spoke no more. He loaded his cart with whatever pumpkins were left and drove straight to the village chief. On hearing his complaint, the chief said, "If Bhadrasen has really stolen your goods, it should not be very much difficult for me to restore them to you."

The chief sent for Bhadrasen. Bhadrasen came immediately and pleaded, "Sir, I am an honest man. I committed a great blunder by giving shelter to this liar. He says I have stolen his pumpkins. Why on earth should I do such a thing? Who in the village does not know that pumpkins abound in



my own orchard behind my house?"

"I should believe what you say, Bhadrasen. Nevertheless, for sake of the dispensation of law in the right way, I must examine a pumpkin grown in your field. Will you fetch one?" said the chief.

Bhadrasen went away.

Immediately the chief summoned a villager who was a fine actor. He also summoned a physician and instructed both as to what they should do.

When Bhadrasen returned with a pumpkin, the chief asked the farmer to bring one from his cart too. He gave both the

fruits to the actor, saying, "You are an expert in pumpkins. Please taste these two and tell me whether they had grown on the same soil or on different soils."

"That is easy," said the actor and cutting a slice from Bhadrasen's pumpkin, he began chewing it.

In the next moment he shrieked as if with pain and holding on to his belly, collapsed on the ground.

The chief asked the physician anxiously to examine the actor. The physician smelled the pumpkin and said, "Sir! This belongs to a rare poisonous variety. A little of it is sufficient to kill even an elephant. I doubt if I can save this man. I will try, however."

At the chief's order the villa-

gers carried the actor to the physician's house.

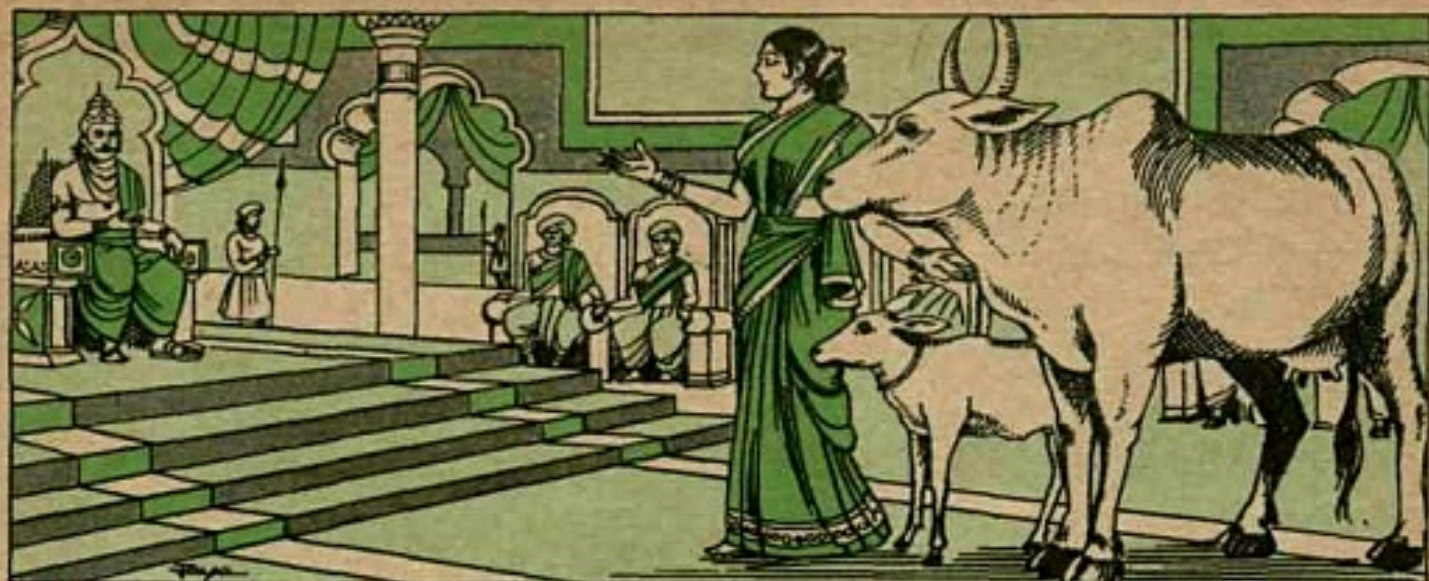
Then the chief turned towards Bhadrasen and said, "So, you wicked fellow, you are cultivating these poisonous fruits, are you? Whom did you intend to kill? Don't you know that to grow such things is a crime deserving death penalty?"

Bhadrasen fell at the chief's feet, trembling with fear, and said, "Sir! Whatever pumpkins I had grown were already sold yesterday. This one is from what I had stolen from the farmer's stock, I confess!"

"This time I let you go only with a fine. Don't do such a thing ever again!" said the chief.

The farmer went away happy after recovering his lost property.





LEGENDS OF INDIA

THE LORD OF THE SEVEN HILLS

So charming were the seven blue peaks of the Mount Seshachala that once after a visit to the region at the advice of Sage Narada, Vishnu never felt like leaving the place!

Years passed. The music of the brooks and birds, the frolicsomeness of the swift breeze and the sweet fragrance of the large variety of the wild flowers made Vishnu forget the gods in heaven and the men on earth. Indeed, he even forgot all about his family!

He sat on a peak, entranced and absolutely immobile, so much so, that in course of time an ant-hill covered his entire body.

The Seshachala was all forest then. People of the villages at the foot of the mountain had

no idea about Lord Vishnu dwelling on the hill. But it became the concern of Brahma and Shiva to nourish the entranced Vishnu. They took the forms of a cow and a calf respectively. At their suggestion, Lakshmi, the consort of Vishnu, dressed up as an ordinary woman and went to King Chandragiri who ruled over the region and sold him the cow and the calf.

The cow would not give any milk to the king's milkman. But she would go and stand over the ant-hill. Milk would then automatically flow down from her udders.

It was the milkman who one day spied upon the sight and, in his anger, struck the cow with a sharp instrument thereby wounding not only the cow but

also Vishnu who manifested himself in a flash.

The milkman fell unconscious at the sight of the Lord. Seeing the wounded cow returning alone, the king became curious and proceeded to the mountain. He too had a glimpse of Vishnu, but since a master was responsible for the misdeed of his servant, the king had to bear a curse. Consequently, he changed into a demon. However, Vishnu promised that he would get back his human form when he would witness the Lord's marriage with Padmavati.

Now, who was this Padmavati? In a previous era, when Vishnu had manifested as Rama, he had promised to marry Vedavati, for, it was she who, assuming the form of Sita, had lived as the prisoner of Ravana while the real Sita lived under the protection of Agni, the Fire-God.

After Vishnu thus found his abode on the hills, Vedavati was eager to be united with him. She took birth as the daughter of a king, Akasa Raja, and was named Padmavati. Vishnu often loved to assume a human form and wander amid the beautiful hills. On one

such wandering he saw the princess and her maids chased by a wild elephant. He at once drove away the elephant. Then, enamoured of the princess Padmavati, he proposed to marry her.

But the celebration of such a grand marriage required a huge amount of money! The Divine bridegroom was obliged to borrow a big sum from Kuvera, the god of wealth. After the marriage was duly performed, Kuvera never left the place, for, he must get back his money! (Although he did not say so, Kuvera was perhaps just happy to be near the Lord in that beautiful place.) Devotees continuously offer cash and jewellery to the Lord, but with all that, Kuvera, it is said, can be paid only the interest against the sum the Lord owes to him.

So, at the foot of the hills, in another temple dedicated to Govinda Raja Swami, camps Kuvera with his brass measure, ever ready to weigh the wealth he receives.

But Kuvera, luckily for the people, does not care to carry away the money to his heavenly abode. He allows it to be used for numerous purposes, educational, cultural, etc.



To go back to our story, after the death of Akasa Raja, his two sons, Thondamana and Vasudana, fought between themselves for the throne. It was at Vishnu's intervention that the battle stopped and the two brothers divided the kingdom between themselves.

A magnificent temple was built for Vishnu on the hill by King Thondamana. Vishnu dwelt there, transformed into the stone idol we see today.

Soon the deity became famous and was called differently as Tirupati Venkateswara, Venkatchalapathi, Venkatesa Perumal or Edukondalavalu — which

means the Lord of the Seven Hills. He is also widely known as Balaji.

The seat of Tirupati Venkateswara, situated in the Eastern Ghat Range of mountains in the Chittur district of Andhra Pradesh, is among the most famous spots of pilgrimage in India. The deity was visited, thousands of years ago, by no less personalities than Rama, Sita and Lakshmana and, later, by the Pandavas too. Among the great Acharyas who have visited the sacred place and have participated in its activities are Ramanuja and Shankaracharya.



A Meal for the Earth

At Arunpur lived a thief named Virmalla. He earned his livelihood by stealing and at times forcibly snatching away money and other things from lone travellers. Never had he done a good thing all his life.

One night he was waiting near a certain house. He meant to enter it stealthily when the inmates of the house were asleep.

Suddenly he heard the voice of a boy, saying, "Mother! As you know, I have to go a long way in the morning. Give me two packets of food, one for myself and the other for the earth."

"All right, my son!" the mother was heard to say.

This brief dialogue completely puzzled Virmalla. He stood at the same place and kept on brooding over the problem: What is the meaning of a meal for the earth?

Early in the morning the son prepared to move out. His mother made two food packets and handed them over to him and blessed him.

As the boy left his home, Virmalla began to follow him. When the sun was overhead, the boy sat down under a banian tree. Virmalla too had been tired. He sat down at a dis-

tance of a few yards, under the same tree.

The boy looked at Virmalla, smiled, and kept a food packet before him. Then he opened the other packet and began eating.

Virmalla was puzzled. He asked politely, "Dear brother, I will take this food so kindly given by you only after you have answered a question."

"What is it?" asked the boy.

"I am a thief. I intended to burgle your house last night. But after I heard your conversation with your mother, curiosity got the better of me. Instead of burgling your house, I have thus followed you to know what you meant by food for the earth!"

The boy smiled and said, "The food I am taking is the meal meant for the earth. The

food I have given you is really mine."

"I don't understand the riddle," said the thief.

"What I am eating will be digested and become one with the earth in due time. So, it is the food meant for the earth. What I have given you will really add to my credit. It will earn me the blessings of Providence, because I am making you happy. Why, haven't you ever experienced the joy that comes through service to others?"

"Never!" said Virmalla, his head bowed down in shame.

"Well. It is never too late. Begin doing a good turn once in a while to others!" said the boy.

The course of Virmalla's life was changed.



SAROJINI NAIDU

A little girl, Sarojini, while walking through the streets of the colourful city of Hyderabad, surveyed all that happened around her through her tiny bright eyes. Well, is there a child who does not gaze with curiosity at anything of interest? But there was certainly something special in the case of this little one. She recreated later the scenes she then saw, in a sweet little poem, *In the Bazaars of Hyderabad*, thus:

What do you sell, O ye
merchants?

Richly your wares are
displayed.

Turbans of crimson and silver.

Tunics of purple brocade,
Mirrors with panels of
amber.

Daggers with handles of jade.

She asks further, in the same poem, what the vendors weigh, what the pedlars call, what the goldsmiths make, what the fruit-men cry and what the flower-girls weave. To each such question she provides a most appropriate answer, at once flowing in lyricism and accurate in realism.

But Sarojini's love was not



confined to Hyderabad where she was born on February 13, 1879, the eldest child of Aghorenath Chattopadhyaya, who served there as the principal of the Nizam's College. Her love was deep for her entire country and she wrote in a poem, *To India*:

O young through all thy
immemorial years!
Rise, Mother, rise, regenerate
from thy gloom,
And, like a bride high-mated
with the spheres,
Beget new glories from thine
ageless womb!

She was, needless to say, a bright girl. As she grew up, she proved even brighter. She passed the matriculation examination at the Madras University when she was twelve. By then she had already started writing

charming verses in English. No wonder that her talent would flourish when she would be in London in 1895 for study at King's College.

At London and later at Cambridge where she studied at the Girton College, Sarojini became the centre of attraction of the students as well as the teachers. To remain in her company was to remain under a spell, to listen to her was a feast. Not only she spoke with remarkable fluency and wit, but also, her very voice carried a magic. For this charming gift, she was to be popularly called later the Nightingale of India.

But Sarojini was not the sort of person to remain content with intellectual accomplishments. Her motherland was then in bondage. Her society lay blind under superstitions and prejudices. She must work for the freedom of her country and the upliftment of the society.

And she began by giving a tremendous shock to the orthodox society. She announced her decision to marry Mr. M.G. Naidu, a Rajput who was the chief officer in the Hyderabad Medical Service. They belonged not only to different States but also to different Castes.

Inter-caste marriage was a rare occurrence then. Numerous obstacles were raised. But the sweet Sarojini—sweet but sharp too as a sword—cut through everything and reached her goal.

Her revolutionary mood soon burst forth on the political platform of India. In a short while she became a prominent leader of the Indian National Congress. Her great power of oratory and sincerity in action now served a lofty cause. She brought a new awakening among the women of India. She made them conscious of many a social evil that was responsible for weakening the nation and exhorted them to fight against such conditions. And, no doubt, she served as a spirited example to tens of thousands of Indian women.

In 1925, the Indian National Congress held its session at Kanpur and Sarojini Naidu was chosen to preside over the Congress—the first ever woman to enjoy this rare honour. A prominent leader, M.R. Jayakar, leaves this record which should give us some hints about the ideals she championed:

“Mrs. Naidu's presidential address was perhaps the shortest delivered from the Congress

rostrum, while of course, it was the sweetest ever delivered. She emphasised unity—unity between the parties and unity between India and Indians abroad. She adhered to the national demand as put forth from the Assembly and pleaded for the obliteration of fear in the battle for liberty. She added: 'Fear is the one unforgivable treachery and despair is the one unforgivable sin.' Her address was an expression of courage and hope."

In 1930, she was arrested for her valiant participation in the Civil Disobedience Movement. That was only the beginning. She was put behind the bars several times.

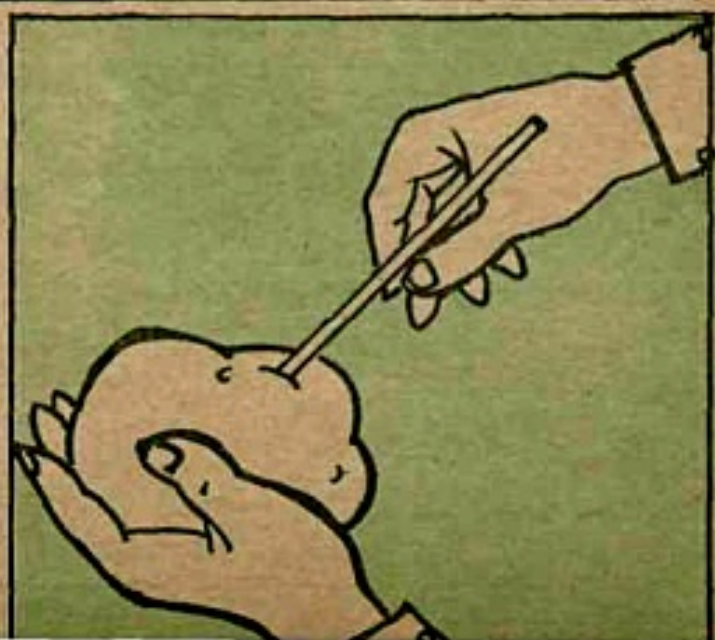
As soon as India became independent, Sarojini Naidu's role in the national life changed from that of a revolutionary to an administrator's. She was

appointed the Governor of the United Provinces (now Uttar Pradesh) and discharged her duty with grace and in the same old spirit of public service. When death came to her, rather suddenly, on March 2, 1949, at Lucknow, the whole nation turned sad. Many glowing tributes were paid to her memory. One passage by a prominent journalist, M. Chalapathi Rau, which is a very true expression of the popular sentiment, reads:

"Hundreds miss that life which had been a light to them, and the laughter of hope, the kindly smile and word, the understanding. She was above all a great woman, with a woman's great understanding and a woman's great compassion. In her case, the mere memory of her is not satisfying enough, she was a personality as rich and varied as life."

FUN WITH SCIENCE

Have you tried spearing a potato with an ordinary waxed-paper drinking straw? Yes, believe it or not, it can be done! Grip a straw firmly in the middle with the thumb and forefinger of your right hand. Hold the potato in your left hand and bring your right hand down sharply on to the potato. You will hardly believe your eyes when the straw impales the potato!





VEER HANUMAN

Vali, still alive, blinked at Sugriva and said in a faint voice:

“Sugriva, please pardon my misconduct. It was not written in my destiny to rule the kingdom in peace and in cooperation with you. I had lost my sense. Now that I am going to die, you should become the king. My parting request to you is to treat Angada as your son. You must not do otherwise. He was the apple of my eye. He is a brave lad and will help you in everything. My wife, Tara, who is the daughter of the great hero Sushena, is extremely intelligent and wise. Seek her advice whenever you face a problem. The virtue of the necklace which Indra had presented to me will remain

strong even after my death. You should wear it.”

Sugriva readily agreed to comply with Vali's wishes. He accepted the necklace too. Thereafter Vali called Angada to his side and advised him to look upon Sugriva as his guardian and to treat him with reverence. Vali further warned Angada against befriending Sugriva's enemies. He was to be cautious in choosing friends. At the same time he was not to lead a life devoid of true friends.

After imparting a few more advices to Angada, Vali breathed his last.

The Vanaras wept bitterly. They sang the glories of their departed king who protected them from the attack of ferocious demons and other beings.



Tara sat near Vali's dead body and wailed. Nila took out the arrow from Vali's chest. Angada prostrated at his dead father's feet. Sugriva expressed his regrets before Tara and Angada and remained by their side for some time.

Then going over to Rama, Sugriva said, "You kept your word and killed Vali and paved the way for my occupying the throne. But if Tara and the Vanaras would continue to weep like this, how can I be in peace? Vali, no doubt, had harassed me a lot. Hence I desired his death. But now I repent. I think it will be right for me to pass my days at

Rushymuk itself instead of going to be crowned as the king. I do not hope to get solace even if I go to heaven. Vali's memory will haunt me. Better I die with Vali. So far as finding out Sita Devi is concerned, the Vanaras can accomplish that task all right."

Tara too went to Rama and said, "Will you please kill me with the same arrow with which you killed my husband? I must go where he has gone. I cannot rest otherwise. Just as you are suffering being deprived of Sita, Vali would suffer without me even if he be in heaven. If you kill me, you will be free from the sin which you might have earned by killing Vali."

Rama told Tara, "You are the wife of a great hero. Such weakness does not befit you. Your son, Angada, will be the crown-prince. You will live as secure as you lived during Vali's time."

Then Rama turned towards the Vanaras and said, "Your wailing will do no good to the departed soul. Should you rather not turn to do such things which would benefit the soul?"

Lakshmana reminded Sugriva that an impressive pyre must be

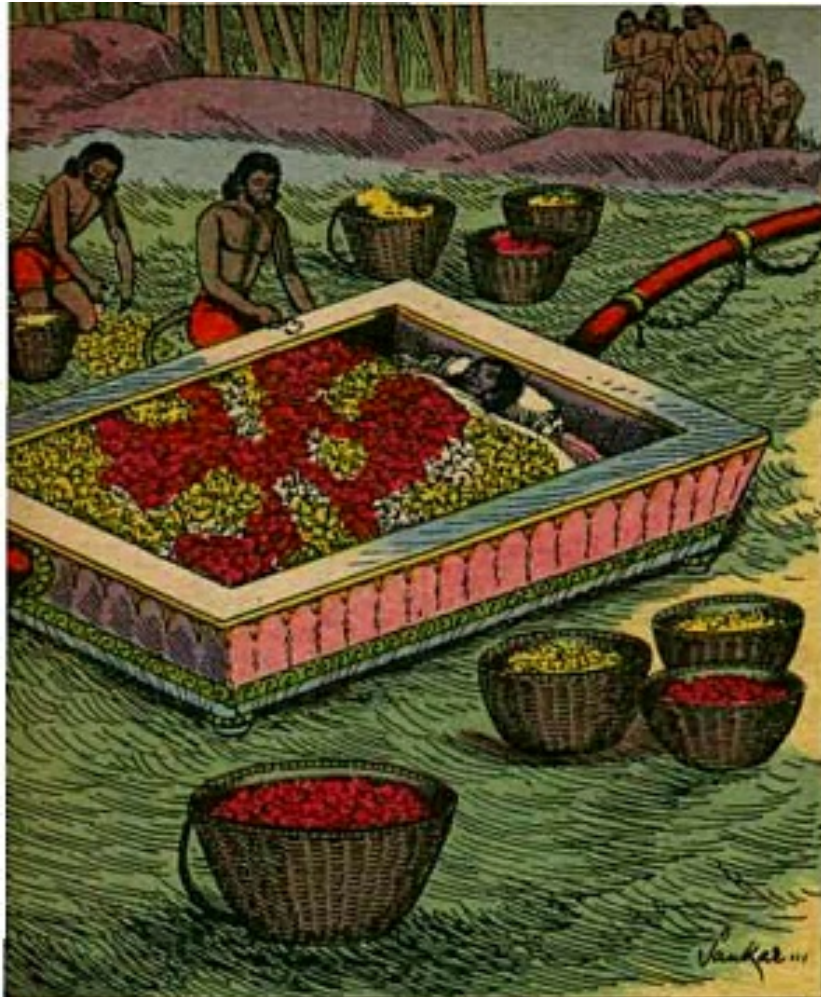
lit for Vali and that a huge quantity of sandalwood must be procured. "Prepare Angada to lit the pyre. You are to rule Kiskindhya from today. How can you afford to sit and shed tears? Arrange for flowers, clothes, ghee, oil and incenses. We also need a palanquin and bearers to transport Vali's corpse," he said.

The Vanara leaders hastened to do the needful. Sugriva and Angada carried Vali's body into the palanquin. Sugriva covered the corpse with flowers. The Vanaras lined on both sides of the road to rain flowers on the corpse when it was carried. The palanquin was followed by

a procession. The pyre was prepared on the sandy bank of a rivulet. Rama himself supervised all the rites that went with the cremation.

Sugriva bathed in the river and then approached Rama. All the Vanara leaders followed him. Hanuman made this address to Rama: "O great soul! It is due to your grace that Sugriva has got the throne. If you permit, he can now proceed to Kiskindhya. Much has to be done for the coronation. Be pleased to come to Kiskindhya yourself. We will feel honoured if the ceremonies are performed in your presence."





Rama replied, "O Hanuman! I have to live in the forest for fourteen years if I am to keep the pledge with which I left my kingdom. I should not go to live in any town during this period. You all should lead Sugriva with due honour to Kiskindhya and crown him king and make Angada the crown-prince. The monsoon is approaching. The coming four months would not be suitable for launching any expedition. Myself and Lakshmana would wait here. The caves here are comfortable. There is a beautiful lake nearby, abounding in lotuses. We must prepare for battle as soon as the monsoon

is over."

With these instructions from Rama, Sugriva entered Kiskindhya, accompanied by the Vanaras. The first thing he did after reaching the palace was to go to Tara's apartment and to console her.

Thereafter the Vanaras did all that was necessary for the coronation. Seated under a white umbrella studded with gold, upon a bejewelled throne, Sugriva was crowned king while Brahmins performed the rites in front of a sacred fire according to the Vedic tradition. The great Vanara leaders came forward and bowed to him accepting him as their new king.

Angada was duly declared the crown-prince by Sugriva. For this act of his, Sugriva was praised by all.

When all the ceremonies were over, Sugriva hurried to meet Rama. Rama was pleased to hear everything. Sugriva then returned to Kiskindhya and lived happily.

The cave in which Rama and Lakshmana rested was situated on the Prasravana, a beautiful hill, flanked by a lake and a sweet river. The area was full of nature's splendours. Being quite near Kiskindhya, some-



times the sound of musical instruments and noise of festivals could be heard there.

But Rama was living a sad life. He anxiously looked forward to the end of the monsoon so that he could proceed to rescue Sita. Every now and then he looked up at the sky and looked towards Kiskindhya.

The time seemed to be passing very slowly.

The monsoon was at last over. But there was no news from Sugriva. It appeared as if he had forgotten all about his promise, being engrossed in the luxuries of his position. In fact, Sugriva had left the administration to his ministers

and passed his time merrily. This pained Hanuman. He one day told Sugriva, "I am sure, you have not forgotten your promise to your friend. Great is the person who forgets his own comforts and works for the well-being of his friends. Now we must give priority to our mission to trace the whereabouts of Sita Devi. You should not allow any more time to pass."

Hanuman's words made Sugriva conscious of his great responsibility. He called Nila and asked him to collect the Vanara soldiers within a fortnight. If a soldier did not turn up, he was to be punished.

Waiting for Sugriva on the hill, Rama told Lakshmana, "Sugriva had promised to report as soon as the monsoon was over. But where is he?

Has he started ignoring us? I hope, we won't have to try our strength on him! Go and tell him that we can very well do without his help. I had killed Vali alone. I am ready to go alone in search of Sita! Go and explain the position to him."

Lakshmana felt furious towards Sugriva. "Obviously he has forgotten how he became the king. I will not allow him to enjoy the throne for long. I will go and kill him and then search out Sita Devi with the help of Angada," said Lakshmana as he was about to leave for Kiskindhya. But Rama stopped him and said, "Lakshmana! Do not be rude towards him. After all, he is our friend. He has not done anything except delaying the action. Be polite to him. He might realise his mistake."—CONTD.





THE DIFFICULT ART

In the days of yore there was a king who was curious about a number of things. To satisfy him, there were several scholars in his court.

One day the king asked the scholars, "What is the art most difficult to practise?" Different scholars gave different answers. But the chief scholar of the court said, "My lord, it is burglary which is the most difficult art to practise!"

The king did not expect such an ordinary reply from his chief scholar. He challenged the scholar, "How do you say so? Any fool can become a burglar or a thief!"

"My lord! You can dismiss my reply as nonsense only if you try to steal something and succeed. Otherwise how would you know whether my statement

is true or not?" said the scholar. The king saw that what the scholar said was quite logical.

"But, my lord! You must really try to steal something disguised as a common man, if you want to see for yourself how difficult it is to be successful in it. If you go in your royal garments and pick up something from somebody's shop or house, who can have the audacity to stop you?" the scholar said again.

The king accepted the challenge. He painted his face with a dark colour, put on black dress and thus disguised, went out at night. First he reached the locality where the rich merchants resided. He moved from door to door. But some doors were locked. Armed watchmen guarded some other

houses. All the houses had high walls around them. The king realised that it was far from easy to enter any house in that locality.

The king then remembered that although he had accepted the scholar's challenge, he had never promised to steal something valuable. If he could pick up any bit of somebody's property, that should be enough to prove that he had been successful in his mission!

He advanced towards the area where craftsmen of the town lived. He approached a potter's shop. There were rows of pots heaped on one another. The owner seemed to be asleep inside his hut nearby.

The king decided to steal a pot. But his hand could not reach the top of the heaps. So he decided, in a hurry, to

remove a pot from below and slip away quietly.

But as soon as he tried to do that, the entire heap tumbled down. There was a crashing sound and the king was buried under broken pots.

The sound immediately attracted the owner to the spot. When he arrived there the king was trying to emerge from the heap. The potter shouted calling his neighbours. People surrounded the shop in a minute. The king was captured and he got a good thrashing. But the people took pity on him. They commented, "This is a new practitioner in the art." "The fellow is a fool. Does any thief care to steal an earthen pot?" They allowed the king to go.

The king told the scholar in the morning, "Well, Pundit, what you said is perhaps true!"



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. Suraj N. Sharma



Mr. Suraj N. Sharma

- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 31st JULY
- Winning captions will be announced in SEPTEMBER issue
- Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name, address, age and post to:

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST
CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE
MADRAS-600 026

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in May Issue

The Prize is awarded to
Miss C. Sasikala
VI Standard
Rishi Valley School
Rishi Valley Post
Chittoor 517 352 (A.P.).

Winning Entry—'Side by Side'—'Something to Decide'



BEST OF THE TWO

The King of Magadha had two queens. Both gave birth to two sons on the same day, almost at the same time. They were named Amarsingh and Jaysingh.

As the princes grew up, both were found equally clever and capable. Both showed the same prowess in the art of fighting as well. But Amarsingh excelled Jaysingh in horse-riding and fencing. Jaysingh excelled Amarsingh in riding elephants and wrestling.

The brothers loved each other very much.

The king was getting old. He was beset with the problem of choosing his heir. Both the princes were dutiful and char-

ming in their conduct towards him. Whom to give the kingdom?

The king and his minister discussed the issue for several days, closeted in a private chamber. They had no doubt that the best among the two should be chosen as the future king. But who was the best?

The two brothers, of course, had not the slightest idea about the discussion that was going on between the king and the minister.

Just then the king of Kaushik made an announcement about the marriage of his daughter. All the princes of the neighbouring kingdoms were invited to participate in a competition.

He who would excel all, would marry the princess—the announcement said.

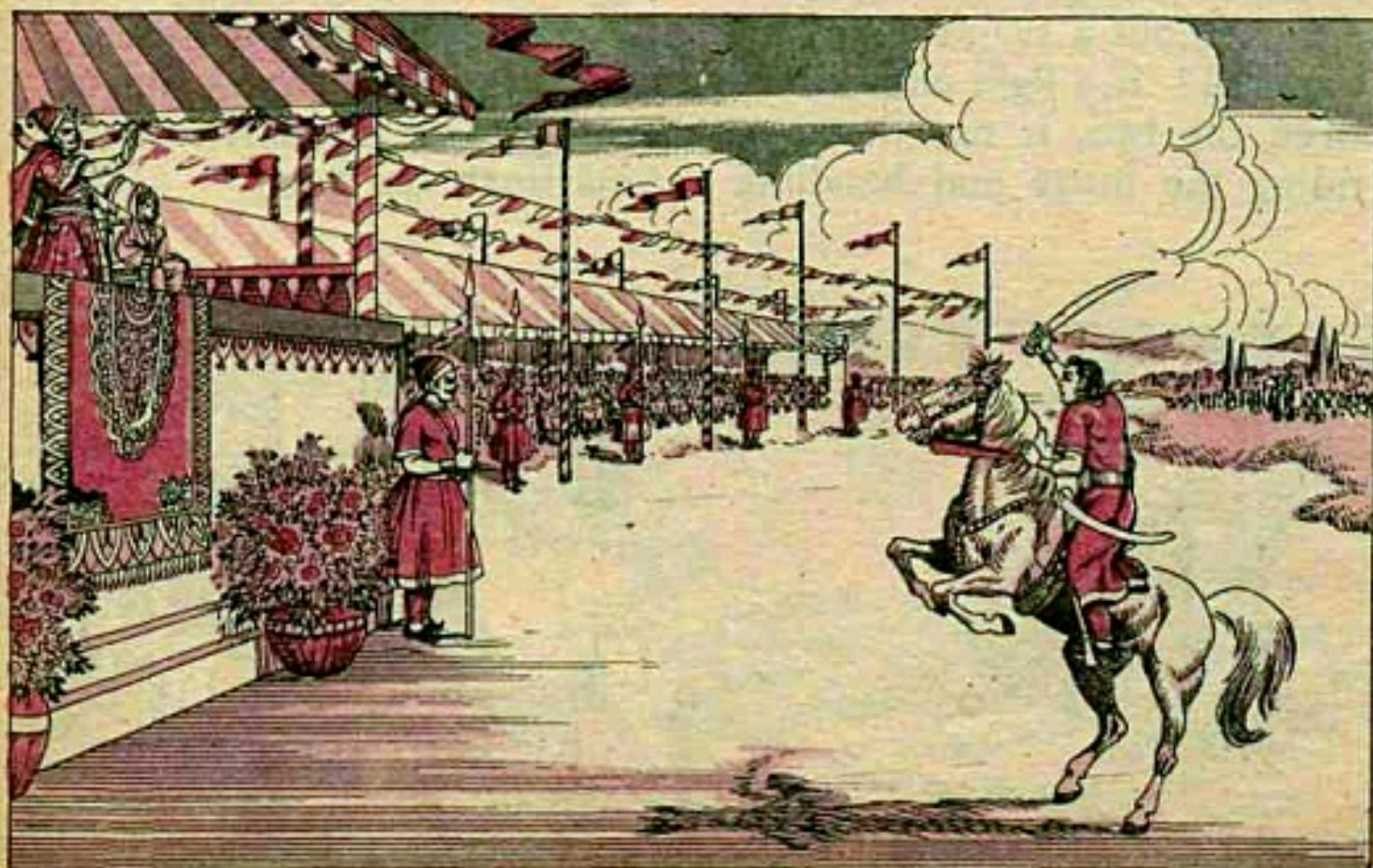
It was a good opportunity, thought the king of Magadha and his minister, to try Amarsingh and Jaysingh. They decided to send both the princes to Kaushik and see who stood first in the competition.

At their father's instruction, the princes proceeded to Kaushik.

A number of princes had gathered at Kaushik. But in various rounds, Amarsingh and Jaysingh defeated all of them. Finally the only two competitors who rivalled each

other when all others had been eliminated were the two brothers! Amarsingh, of course, had excelled Jaysingh in horse-riding and fencing. Jaysingh had excelled Amarsingh in riding elephants and wrestling. But when their total records were examined, both were found to have scored equal marks.

The king of Kaushik could not decide whom to choose for his son-in-law. He wanted some time to declare his decision and sent all the princes away. Then, after a long discussion with his minister, he announced that anybody who would be able to prove who of the two brothers



was preferable to the other, could marry the younger princess and get half of the kingdom as reward.

Soon after the announcement was made, a young sage, accompanied by a disciple, appeared before the king and claimed that his disciple would be able to convince the king that Amarsingh was the worthier of the two.

With the king's permission, the disciple said, "My lord! Amarsingh excels in horse-riding and fencing. Jaysingh excels in riding elephants and wrestling. Tell me, who is in a convenient position, a man with a sword riding a horse, or a man without a sword riding an elephant? If a fight ensues between the two, is not the man riding the horse and handling

a sword likely to triumph easily on the man riding an elephant and wielding no sword? Hence, I say, Amarsingh is to be preferred to Jaysingh!"

The argument was convincing enough. The king was happy to be able to come to a decision.

And instantly the sage and his disciple put off their disguise. They were Amarsingh and Jaysingh respectively.

The King of Kaushik performed the marriage of his two daughters with the two princes and made Jaysingh the king over half of his kingdom.

The king of Magadha was delighted. His problem was solved.

Now that Jaysingh was already a king elsewhere, there was no hesitation on his part to make Amarsingh his heir.





Unmaking a witch

Long ago, in the land of Kashmir, lived a feudal lord who had only one child, a daughter, named Simantini.

After her father's death Simantini became the sole owner of his fort and his vast property. Many a young aristocrat came forward to marry her, but she refused them all. All the suitors went away disappointed but one. This one was Ganadev, who loved Simantini truly. Ganadev did not press his proposal, but he never forgot Simantini and always kept himself abreast of all her activities.

Simantini used to love nature very much. Her fort was surrounded by hills and lakes. She sat on a hillock and enjoyed

the beautiful scene at sunset and enjoyed the songs of the birds.

Since she had no guardian, she very soon developed strange fancies. She became deeply interested in witchcraft and other forms of black magic. There was nobody to warn her that such practices were dangerous. Because she was rich, people who surrounded her always praised her and flattered her.

But Ganadev felt very sad for her. "I must check her from indulging in such deeds, even at the risk of her misunderstanding me. If she persists in these black arts, she might go mad, she might be tormented by spirits!" he thought.

Ganadev won over some of



Simantini's maids and kept an account of all the places she visited and the rites she performed.

After consulting a few learned men of the land, Ganadev came to know about an old woman named Pingala who was an expert in witchcraft. She lived alone in a small hut in a far away region and spent her time preparing medicines for wizards who held her in high esteem.

Ganadev braved into Pingala's presence and bowed to her. The weird-looking woman asked him, "What do you want? I am not helping any

more to make any new wizards or witch!"

"Granny! I want your help to unmake a witch!" said Ganadev and narrated all about Simantini.

"Hm!" said the woman, "All my life I have helped women to turn witches. For a change I can now do the reverse. But why are you so much interested in her?"

"To be frank, granny, I love her and will like to marry her," replied Ganadev.

"That is good," said the woman, "Do as I say. Come here day after tomorrow with your dogs. After the sunset you will see a white deer. Give a good chase to her with your dogs. If you can capture her, take her along with you to your house. The rest would be easy." The woman then gave him a hymn and asked him to recite it before the deer.

Ganadev thanked the woman and left the place. The woman walked with him up to the gate. Ganadev observed that she was limping.

On the appointed day Ganadev arrived at the woman's hut long before sunset. He did not see the woman. But just after the sunset he could see an



unusually white deer wandering on the outskirts of a nearby forest. He gave the deer a smart chase, along with his dogs.

Soon he saw that his dogs were no match for the deer. But he suddenly saw a new dog appearing from inside a bush and chasing the deer. In a short while this dog stopped the deer by biting one of her hind legs. Ganadev approached the deer and put a rope around her neck and captured her.

The dog went away into the bush. But Ganadev observed that it was limping!

Ganadev carried the strange deer to his house and locked her up in a room, after reciting the

hymn the woman had taught him.

He was tired. He soon went to sleep. At midnight he woke up hearing a shriek. He opened the next room and found the deer changed into Simantini.

By and by Simantini told him how she had learnt the art of turning a deer. But that day she had forgotten the hymn which should have changed her into her real form. Had not Ganadev captured her and brought her to his house and recited the hymn, she would have remained a deer ever.

The grateful Simantini was too happy to marry Ganadev. It was a grand celebration!

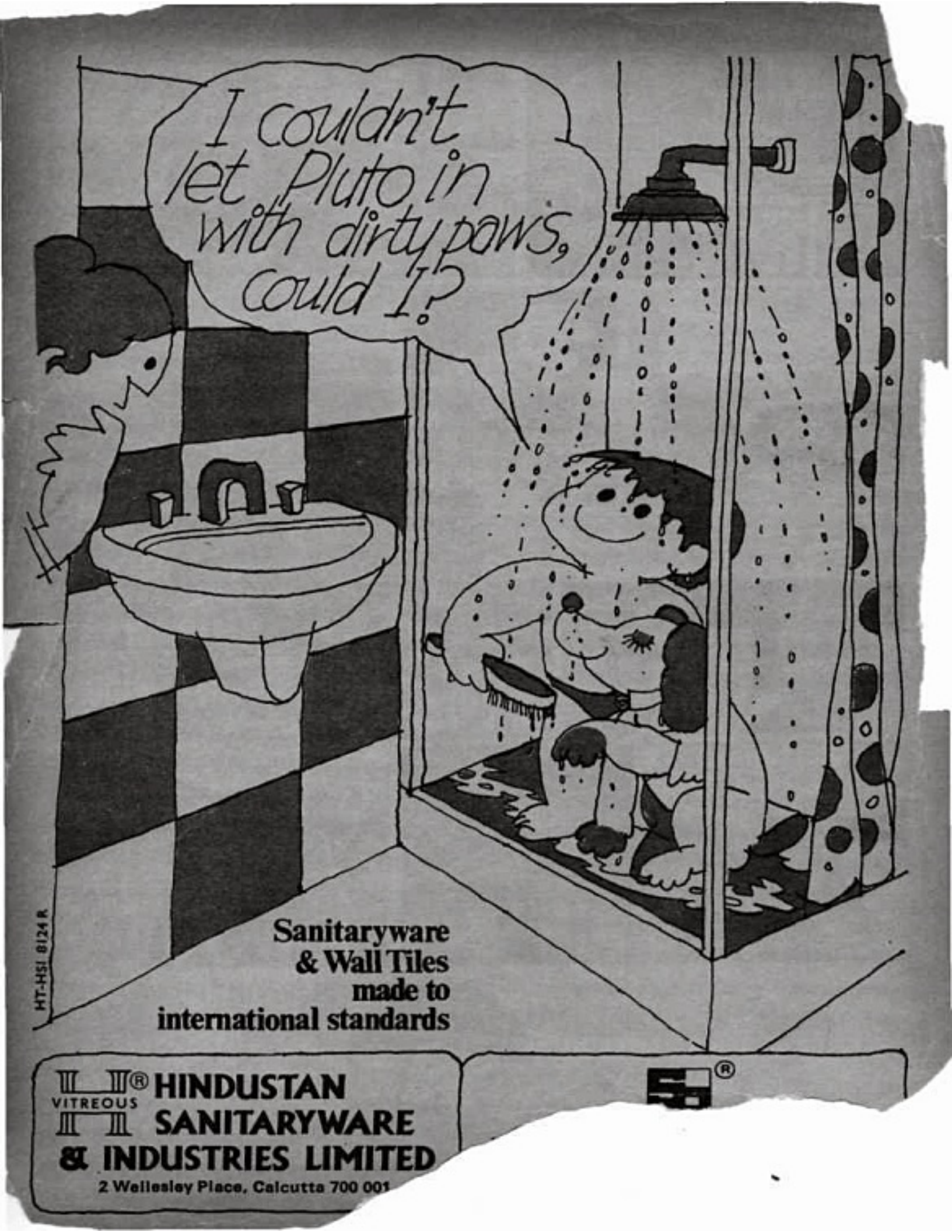
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Learning to look after himself...



One way to avoid a blow is to step back or sideways. Or, dodge back from the waist.





I couldn't
let Pluto in
with dirty paws,
could I?

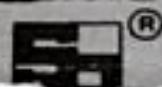
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